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a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham, September 20, 2006 10:43am. London

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1. This is the day of new beginnings, this is the year of Jubilee. This is the prophecy/revival of my people in me, people who want me, not demising me, my ways, my covenant which gives them the world, literally. I love not my brethren, not; I love them deeply and unendingly, but I move on, I wait not, I wait no longer. I am me/I Am and **I Am is tired of waiting for the restlessness to end on my people** and them wait on me, wait on me, being still to hear my voice, know my covenant within them, and how new I make them in the new things I am doing, doing, now doing in all who want me really, sincerely, seriously, and not just play with me and utter pretty words occasionally, that putrefy their conscience not but **where are the seers, where are those who will listen and write my words, giving them wings, getting them?** I love you. I love you all. I love you now and always. My love never ends.

2. See what I have said/issued as warning to the unready, the unserious, those who have just listened to other men and never come into me for my jewels/delicacies that I have for them. I have so much/many of all that my heart is for my beloveds who now do world commerce, interstellar commerce, working/being in worlds you all now have nothing of, known nothing of, and resent my love as I try to give it to you.

3. I am tired of weakness and man embracing man as god and not letting me pervade, provide, be who I am in who I am. See me, feel my hands, look in your mirror oh wonderman, wonderwoman, who thinks your world empirical and all there is. **Laugh at, cry not, crying time over.** I seek the educated, the leaders, the world leadership that will come into me and see me and be me for who I am, leading and bringing with them all manner of sickness, not; but all manner of surrendered, all manner of those sincere, all manner of those who will let me be me in them, for who else am I? Do you have spirit alone, by yourself? Is your spirit your own? Did you create it, breathe into it, die for it to be born in your flesh? No. But see what I am saying/giving you and warning being issued to create with me the time you need to see me, to be me, to have my covenant in you established irrevocably, to offer the sacrifices of praise, deliverance, delivering yourself from many self inflicted pains, wounds you took the knife to and crossed yourself unknowingly, not knowing the damage doing to yourself you were.

4. Come out of Israel not; become it, be it, be my Israel, my conquered chosen not but my delivered; deliverance team, not; but one in many who many become one, are already if/in surrender they see, you see, you surrender to. Come out of the chosen race thought and enter the real, me! I love you. I am the nation. I am the covenant. And who am I? You, the/those surrendering to my love/covenant. And establishing not worlds on your own in countries afar but listening and learning and being/experiencing father's heart which takes you beyond all thoughts/worlds seen and moves in realms past atmosphere of one, not; but yours, far and farther. I love you all.

5. This is the time/warning, this is a red flag. What will you do with it? **What will you give yourself to now that all changes and theology deadens the conscience no longer? What will you do when you come to the end of your resources that will not buy you milk or bread or cheese** of leaven of me to make you into, reveal from you the real me/you that one are/could have been, still can be? I love you still.

6. I relent not from my covenant but I am my covenant and you have broken my covenant drastically, macho-istically, and tooted your own horn about it, demising my widows, orphans, gutterless and gutter'd, little old ladies and men and children, abasing them. I cry out for you. Homeless you are and don't know it. Ragged you are and don't see it. In homes of poverty you reside in glass wealth and brass and shining pottery of not this world but that below it. I love you.

7. Into my house invited you were. Given to you, everything, you were. You were royalty. You are cheese, not, for others to eat holes in and let worms reside.
8. You are a priest in the order of Melchizedek if you would be now, if you would see, and surrender to my loveliness that you really are, disregarding that which of man is to tell you that you aren't me. I love you anyway. I love you still.

9. I recant not, you are still a priest if you choose to be, choosing surrender, holiness, purity and cleanliness providing for/in your temple, the holy spirit there, my spirit, that you think is your spirit, contaminated not, not only, but putrefied in many of you through years of disuse and demising yourself, me in you, thinking you were something, somebody special apart from me and that you made all your own decisions. Yes you did/have, and I let you. I gave/give you choice, even now.

10. Forsake me not nor the ways of your youth when we played in fields foreign to you now with demised eyesight, eyesight that you gave up, forsook, thinking manhood was all-hood. Come into me for my/our beginning, our ending not for there is none, not like you/anyone thinks. See me, come into me and let me royalty-ize you from head to

toe, from top to bottom, throughout and crossing over to the other side, not; but living it simultaneously as two worlds become one, not; but one demises the other for you will be walking/living/experiencing the/my truth, being it, revealing it, in this earth and more, resident-ing in heaven, heaven real, my kingdom, father's house.

11. I love you all.

12. **Shake in your boots.** Languish in the world you've chosen if you like/continue as now. Let not your heart be troubled, not; forsaking mine worry on your knees, not; drink and be merry, not; for who shall hear the trumpet of the lord mighty in battle, array, arrayed as me, arrayed as me being me? You won't, surely, unless upon and in surrender you bow to the royalty that you are, in me. **You have your choice, your warning.**

13. All changes in the morning, not; now. I love you all. My hand is outstretched to you still. I bow before you to enter you entering me, my kingdom yours, if yours you give me. I am there in you. I am my New Covenant. You are more than desired, loved, asked for, wanted, sincerely and seriously. I love you all now and forevermore.

14. Think not of another mirror'd one, look in mine and see us one, only one.
15. There is only one.
16. Me that us/we are, can be when chosen.

17. I love you all.

18. Resign not to fate or others words of complacency, heed my and worlds roam in, mine, with me.

Amen

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